THRILLER COMICS Nº 2

DICK TURPIN

64 PAGES OF THRILLING PICTURE ADVENTURE. 8D

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10/- INC POST with 3 Films Trip-to-the-Moon etc.

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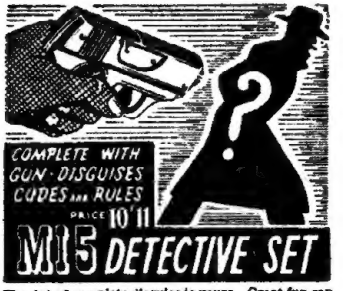

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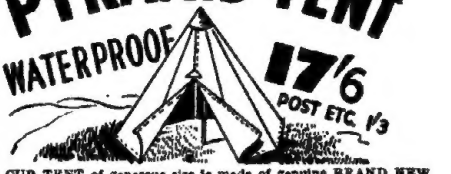

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DICK TURPIN'S RIDE TO YORK

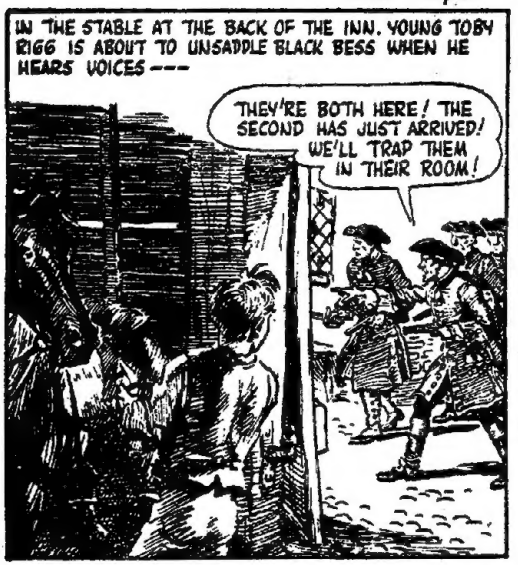
ROBBED OF HIS BIRTHRIGHT—UNJUSTLY BRANDED AS AN OUTLAW—DICK TURPIN WAS FORCED TO TAKE THE ROAD. THEREAFTER HE CARRIED HIS LIFE IN HIS HANDS. HE WAS BEFRIENDED BY FEW, YET PROVED HIMSELF THE FRIEND OF ALL IN NEED.

AND SO, FAREWELL! I'LL SEE THAT THESE GUINEAS ARE HANDED BACK TO THEIR RIGHTFUL OWNERS!

LATER THAT DAY, DICK MEETS HIS BEST FRIEND, TOM KING, AT THE ROSE AND CROWN INN, WHERE THEY ARE STAYING UNDER ASSUMED NAMES---
QUICKLY, DICK, DISMOUNT! I'VE SOMETHING TO TELL YOU!
RIGHT, MY FRIEND!

STABLE MY MARE, TOBY, AND FEED HER WELL—HERE'S A GUINEA FOR YOUR TROUBLE!

THE CHIEF CONSTABLE OF YORK IS ON THE PROWL— I NARROWLY MISSED HIM THIS MORNING!
NOT SO LOUD—DO YOU WISH TO GIVE US AWAY?


IN THE STABLE AT THE BACK OF THE INN, YOUNG TOBY RIGG IS ABOUT TO UNSADDLE BLACK BESS WHEN HE HEARS VOICES ---
THEY'RE BOTH HERE! THE SECOND HAS JUST ARRIVED! WE'LL TRAP THEM IN THEIR ROOM!

IN THESE DAYS, MANY GANGS OF BANDITS ROAM THE COUNTRY SIDE, OFTEN DARING TO ATTACK AN INN AND ROB THE GUESTS. TOBY THINKS OF THIS-
I WONDER IF THOSE STRANGE MEN ARE FOOTPADS! T'WOULD SEEM OUR TWO GENTLEMEN GUESTS ARE IN DANGER, I MUST HELP THEM!

HALLO, DICK — TOBY HAS BROUGHT OUR NAGS ROUND TO THE FRONT — SOMETHING'S WRONG!
HARK! FOOTSTEPS! THE TRAPS, I'LL WAGER!

HERE ARE YOUR HORSES, SIR — YOU AND YOUR FRIEND HAD BETTER LEAVE BY THE WINDOW — SOME MEN ARE COMING UP TO ATTACK YOU!

THE HIGHWAYMEN NEED NO FURTHER WARNING~~~
Ye Rose and Crown
THANKS, YOUNG 'UN I'LL NOT FORGET THE DEBT I OWE YOU!

BY MARS, THEY'VE GOT AWAY! KNOW YOU NOT I'M THE CHIEF CONSTABLE OF YORK, BOY? YOU'VE HELPED DICK TURPIN AND TOM KING TO ESCAPE!
BUT, SIR- I DID NOT KNOW WHO THEY WERE!

AS OUR STORY CONTINUES, WE FIND DICK TURPIN AND HIS FRIEND, TOM KING, TAKING THEIR EASE IN THE COSY SPANIARDS INN ON HAMPSTEAD HEATH NEAR OLD LONDON TOWN. UNKNOWN TO THEM THEY ARE BEING WATCHED BY A SERVING MAN ~~~~~
BY JUPITER TOM! LOOK AT THIS! THAT STABLE-BOY, TOBY RIGG, HAS BEEN TAKEN BY THE CHIEF CONSTABLE OF YORK AND CONDEMNED TO DEATH FOR HELPING US TO ESCAPE- BUT TOBY DIDN'T KNOW WHO WE WERE!

TOBY IS TO DIE TOMORROW AND I'M THE ONLY MAN WHO CAN SAVE HIM, TOM — I'M GOING TO RIDE TO YORK!
I'VE BEEN SUSPICIOUS OF THOSE TWO ALL DAY, NOW I KNOW WHO THEY ARE AND I'M GOING FOR THE BOW STREET RUNNERS!
WHILE THE INN SERVANT IS ON HIS WAY TO BETRAY THE HIGHWAYMEN TO JONATHAN WILD, CAPTAIN OF THE BOW STREET RUNNERS, DICK PREPARES FOR HIS LONG RIDE----
I'VE GIVEN ORDERS FOR BLACK BESS TO BE SADDLED, DICK!
OUTSIDE THE SPANIARDS! AS DICK PREPARES TO MOUNT BLACK BESS, A PARTY OF BOW STREET RUNNERS ENTER THE INN YARD AND AT THEIR HEAD IS JONATHAN WILD, TURPIN'S WORST ENEMY----
MOUNT DICK! QUICKLY- FOR YOUR LIFE!

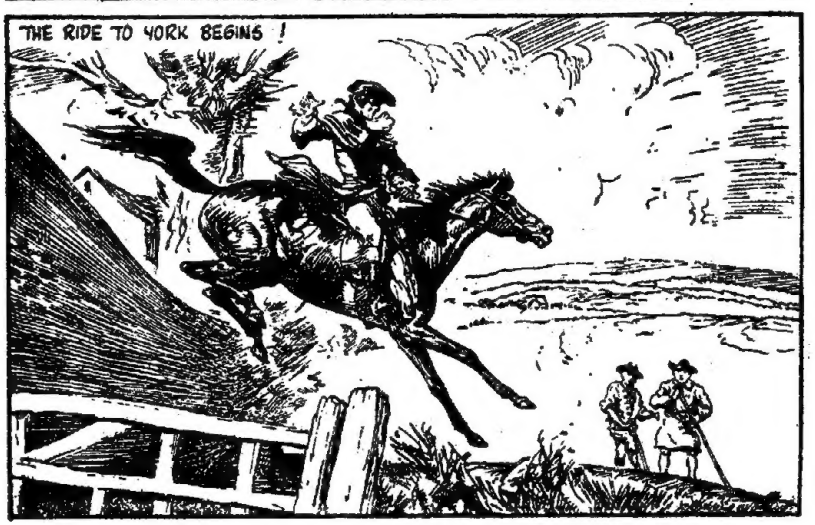
BUT BESS IS STARTLED AND TURPIN HAS DIFFICULTY IN MOUNTING HER. TOM KING, HOLDS THE RUNNERS AT BAY——
TWO OF YOU DISMOUNT AND CAPTURE THAT MAN, IT'S TOM KING! I'LL TAKE CARE OF TURPIN!
THE FIRST MAN WHO MOVES GETS A BULLET!

IN THE FIGHT THAT FOLLOWS, TOM'S SWORD IS BEATEN OUT OF HIS HAND. SUDDENLY HE IS IN HARD STRAITS——
DICK! SHOOT! OR ELSE I AM TAKEN!

TURPIN FIRES TO SCARE THE RUNNERS, BUT AS HE DOES SO, BESS REARS——
BY THUNDER! I'VE KILLED MY BEST FRIEND!

TO THINK OUR FRIENDSHIP SHOULD END LIKE THIS— FORGIVE ME, TOM!
AWAY WITH YOU, DICK— DON'T FRET— 'TWAS NO FAULT OF YOURS!

DICK WOULD HAVE PREFERRED TO FIGHT IT OUT BESIDE HIS DYING FRIEND. BUT SUDDENLY HE REMEMBERS TOBY RIGG AND HE KNOWS THAT NOTHING CAN BE DONE FOR POOR TOM—NEXT MOMENT DICK IS AWAY!
FAREWELL, TOM! FAREWELL FOR EVER!


THE RIDE TO YORK BEGINS!

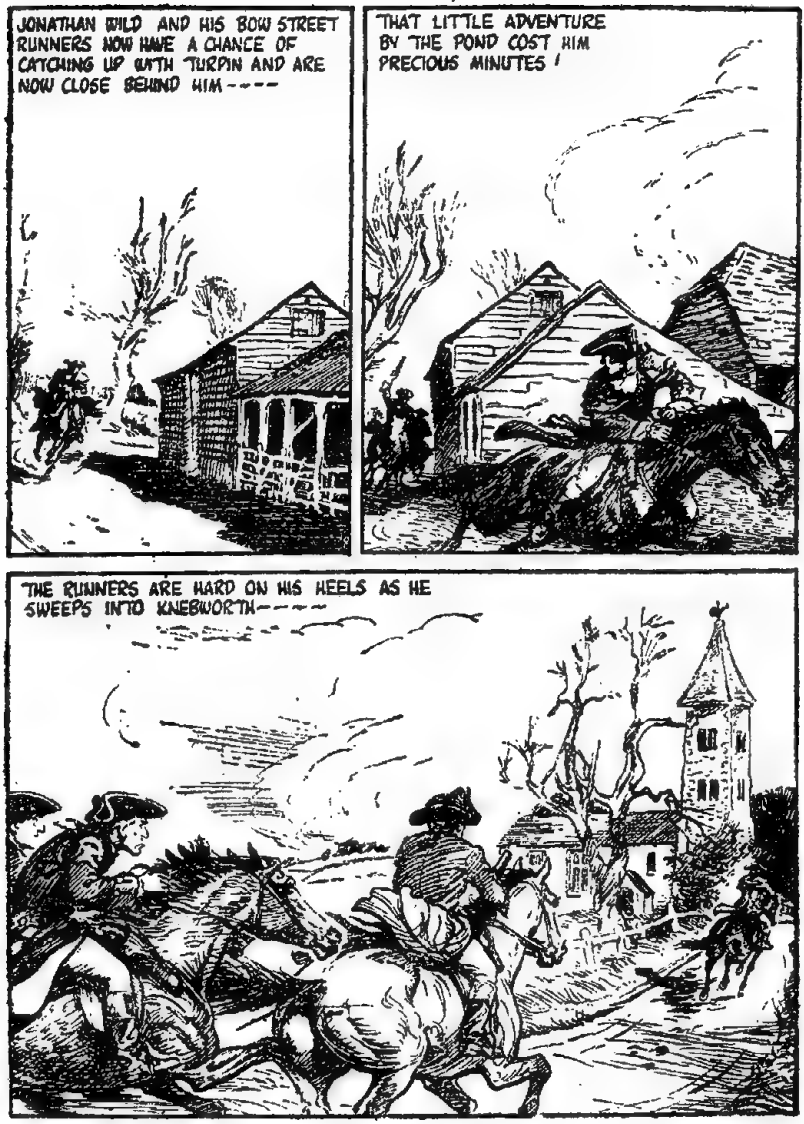
AFTER HIM, MEN! HE MUSTN'T GET AWAY!

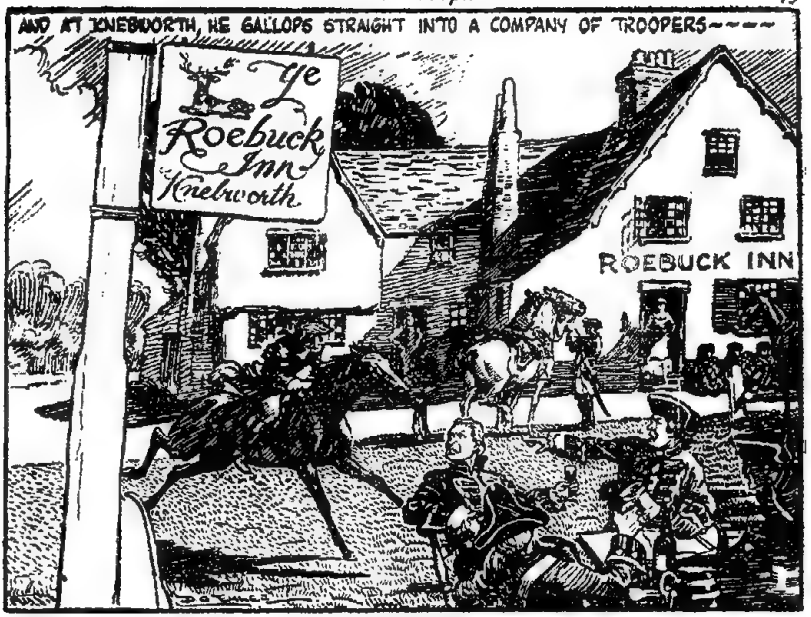
ALTHOUGH JONATHAN WILD IS CAPTAIN OF THE BOW STREET RUNNERS, HE IS ALSO CHIEF OF A NOTORIOUS GANG OF THIEVES - DICK KNOWS THIS AND WILD FEARS THAT, SOMEDAY, THE HIGHWAYMAN WILL EXPOSE HIM ---
COME ON! HE'S HEADING ACROSS FINCHLEY FIELDS TOWARDS BARNET

DICK GALLOPS DOWN A WOODED PATH WHERE, AHEAD, SOME MEN ARE FELLING A TREE. SUDDENLY— A MIGHTY OAK BEGINS TO FALL——
THERE'S NO TURNING BACK, BESS— WE MUST GO ON!
STOP, MAN! YOU'LL NEVER GET THROUGH!
NOW, LASS!

BAULKED! BUT HE'LL NOT ESCAPE ME. I'LL HAVE HIS LIFE IF I HAVE TO FOLLOW HIM TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH!
BARNET GREEN
LOOK, CAPTAIN! THAT RIDER ON THE BLACK MARE! IT'S DICK TURPIN!
THE BULLET GRAZES BLACK BESS'S SHOULDER—
STEADY—STEADY—BESS!
YOU MISSED HIM, CAPTAIN!

AT LAST THE HIGHWAYMAN MANAGES TO SOOTHE BLACK BESS. THEN RECOGNISING THE MARKSMAN BY THE SMOKING PISTOL IN HIS HAND, TURPIN SPURS TOWARDS HIM ---
ZOOKS! HE'S AFTER US!
I'M OFF!
NOW, LITTLE MAN! I'M GOING TO COOL YOUR HOT HEAD FOR YOU!
DICK DRAGS THE OFFICER BACK TO THE VILLAGE POND---
EGAD, SIR! IF MY REGIMENT WERE HERE!
TO HATFIELD &


JONATHAN WILD AND HIS BOW STREET RUNNERS NOW HAVE A CHANCE OF CATCHING UP WITH TURPIN AND ARE NOW CLOSE BEHIND HIM----
THAT LITTLE ADVENTURE BY THE POND COST HIM PRECIOUS MINUTES!
THE RUNNERS ARE HARD ON HIS HEELS AS HE SWEEPS INTO KNEBWORTH----


AND AT KNEBWORTH, HE GALLOPS STRAIGHT INTO A COMPANY OF TROOPERS~~~~
Ye Roebuck Inn Knebworth
ROEBUCK INN

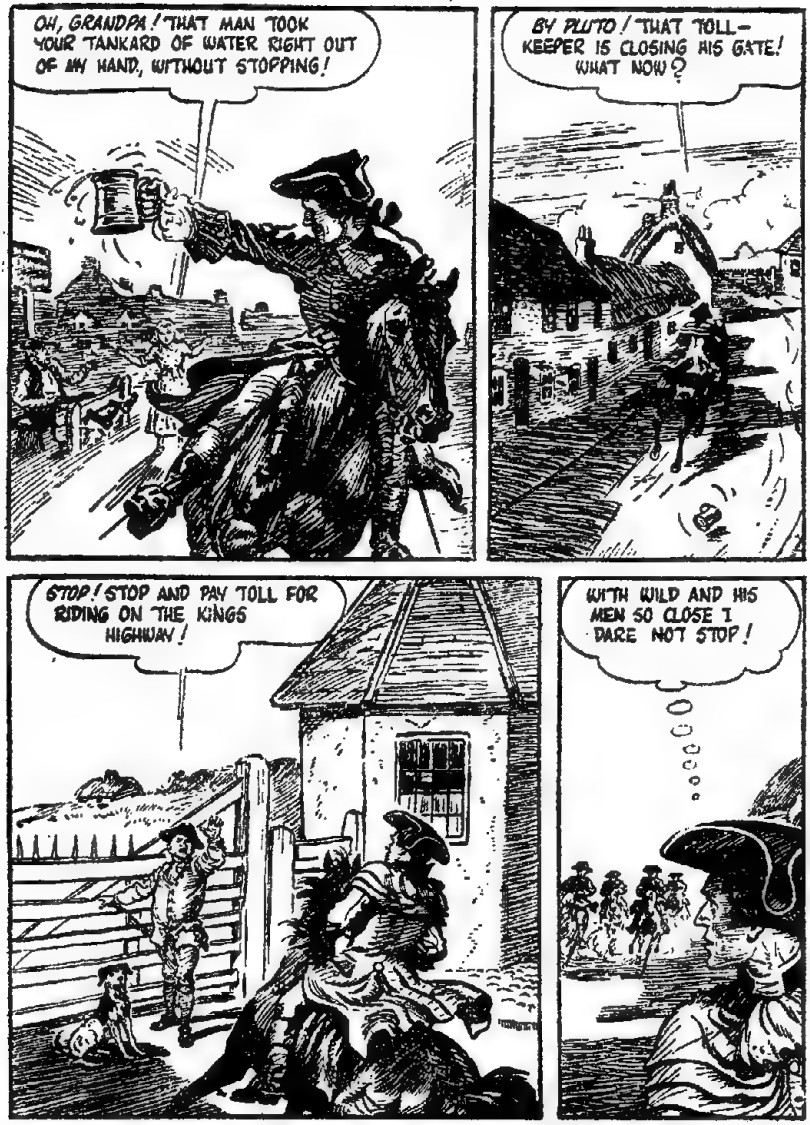
STOP HIM! BRING THAT MAN DOWN!
NOT SO EASY, CAPTAIN!

LOOK, CAPTAIN! THERE ARE MORE OF THEM COMING!
EGAD, SERGEANT! WE'LL STOP 'EM! CAN'T HAVE MY MEN BOWLED OVER BY GALLOPING MADMEN!
STOP, SIRRAH! STOP! STOP IN THE KINGS NAME AND GIVE AN ACCOUNT OF YOURSELF!
YOU ARE A CONFOUNDED NUISANCE, SIR! I AM JONATHAN WILD OF BOW STREET AND YOU HAVE JUST PERMITTED DICK TURPIN, THE NOTORIOUS NIGHT-RIDER, TO ESCAPE YOU!
EH! WHAT? OH!
FRESH HORSES FOR ME AND MY MEN AT ONCE, LANDLORD!
YOU CAN LEAVE ME OUT! I'M RIDING NO FARTHER TO-DAY!

MEANWHILE, DICK TURPIN IS WELL ON HIS WAY AND BLACK BESS IS JUST GETTING INTO HER STRIDE---
HA! THE RUNNERS HAVE DROPPED OUT OF SIGHT, BESS! BUT LET'S NOT SLACKEN SPEED-D'YE REMEMBER THE OLD HIGHWAY SONG!

NOW WHEN I AM GONE, BOYS, EACH HUNTSMAN SHALL SAY~ NONE RODE LIKE DICK TURPIN, SO FAR IN A DAY!

ON UP THE GREAT NORTH ROAD GALLOPS DICK---
LAWKSY ME! HERE'S A MAN IN A HURRY!


OH, GRANDPA! THAT MAN TOOK YOUR TANKARD OF WATER RIGHT OUT OF MY HAND, WITHOUT STOPPING!
BY PLUTO! THAT TOLL-KEEPER IS CLOSING HIS GATE! WHAT NOW?
STOP! STOP AND PAY TOLL FOR RIDING ON THE KINGS HIGHWAY!
WITH WILD AND HIS MEN SO CLOSE I DARE NOT STOP!

OVER THE TOLL-GATE SAILS BLACK BESS—
GRACEFUL AS A BIRD!!

BUT WILD AND HIS RUNNERS AREN'T SO LUCKY!
SO YOU'RE JONATHAN WILD! NO MATTER IF YOU'RE THE KING OF ENGLAND-- ONE FELLOW HAS ALREADY ESCAPED PAYING TOLL- YOU WON'T!
I CAN RIDE NO FURTHER MY HORSE IS LAME!
TURPIN TAKES ADVANTAGE OF THE RUNNERS DELAY AND TURNS BESS INTO A COOL WOODLAND ---
THE NORTH ROAD DOUBLES BACK HERE, BESS! WE'LL TAKE A SHORT CUT AND GIVE YOU A REST!
H'M! WHAT'S THAT I SMELL? FAITH 'TIS IRISH STEW!
HA! COMPANY FOR TINKER BENDIGO BLIGH!
HALLO FRIEND! I'LL TRADE YOU A GOLDEN GUINEA FOR A PLATE OF STEW! AND A BUCKET OF WATER!

AGREED, SIR! DISMOUNT FROM THAT FINE MARE OF YOURS AND JOIN ME!
THERE, BESS! YOU DESERVE IT! AND NOW FOR MY PLATE OF STEW!
A BLACK MARE CALLED BESS? THEN THAT'S DICK TURPIN! FIVE HUNDRED GUINEAS DEAD OR ALIVE!
THIS IS MIGHTY FRIENDLY OF YOU, TINKER!
BUT BLACK BESS WON'T STAND BY AND SEE HER MASTER STRUCK DOWN---
AAAH! OOOH!

ZOOKS! ZOUNDS! OOOOH!
ODDS BODS! I'M ON FIRE!
THANKS LASS! NO MAN HAD MORE FAITHFULL FRIEND THAN YOU, MY BONNY BLACK BESS!
BY TWILIGHT BY STARLIGHT, BY NIGHT OR BY DAY, HER HEADLONG CAREER THERE IS NOTHING CAN STAY; SHE CARES NOT FOR DISTANCE, SHE KNOWS NOT DISTRESS, CAN YOU SHOW ME A COURSER TO MATCH WITH BLACK BESS?

MEANWHILE NOT FAR BEHIND—JONATHAN WILD AND HIS BOW STREET RUNNERS HAVE STOPPED AT THE BELL INN, AT STILTON, FOR THEIR FIFTH RELAY OF FRESH HORSES!
QUICKLY—TO HORSE, MEN! TURPIN MUST BE CAPTURED!
BELL INN STILTON
TURPIN BE HANGED ALL I WANT IS A SOFT BED!

—AND SO JONATHAN WILD RESUMES THE CHASE ALONE. NIGHT FALLS, AND IN THE STREETS OF STAMFORD—
NINE O'CLOCK ON A FINE SUMMER'S NIGHT—AND ALL'S WELL!
HOLA THERE! HAST SEE AUGHT OF A RIDER ON A BLACK HORSE?

TEN MINUTES AGONE SUCH A RIDER PASSED BY—AT SUCH A SPEED —METHOUGHT COULD ONLY BE OLD NICK HIMSELF!

ON THROUGH THE DARKNESS RACES TURPIN, EVER NORTHWARDS--NORTHWARDS TO YORK--AND ALL THIS WAY HE HAS RIDDEN BUT ONE HORSE~ THE MARE BLACK BESS.
To YORK

IT IS DAWN~ THE HIGHWAYMAN HAS BEEN GALLOPING NON-STOP ALL THROUGH THE HOT NIGHT AND HAS CAST ASIDE HIS CAPED COAT AND JAUNTY THREE-CORNERED HAT---
WE SEEM TO HAVE LOST OUR OLD ENEMY, JONATHAN WILD, BESS!

HALF-AN-HOUR LATER, JONATHAN WILD, THE THIEF-TAKER, REACHES THE RIVER DON—AND HE'S FALLING ASLEEP IN THE SADDLE. THE RIDE HAS PROVED TOO MUCH FOR HIM---
GRACIOUS ME, 'TIS THE FIRST TIME I'VE EVER SEEN A MAN RIDING AND SNORING AT THE SAME TIME— LOOK OUT, SIR—YOU'LL FALL!
WHAT STRANGE FOLK THESE GENTRY BE—TO SLEEP IN THE ROAD!
AND SO THE HIGHWAYMAN IS RID OF HIS PURSUERS. NOW BLACK BESS IS SHOWING VISIBLE SIGNS OF STRAIN, AND TEARS ARE IN TURPIN'S EYES AS HE IS COMPELLED TO URGE HER ONWARD.
AH, BESS, WE MUST KEEP GOING—TOBY DIES WITHIN AN HOUR!.

—AT THE TOP OF THE HILL—
SEE LASS! THE TOWERS OF YORK MINSTER! WE'VE DONE IT—THANKS TO YOU, MY BONNY BLACK BESS!
—BUT AS DICK SPEAKS, BLACK BESS DROPS LIKE A STONE— HER HEART HAS BROKEN—
BESS! WHAT'S HAPPENED?
GOOD HEAVENS! THE MARE IS DYING!
FORGIVE ME, BESS— I HAD NO OTHER CHOICE!

"THEN ONE HALLOO, BOYS, ONE LOUD CHEERING HALLOO!
TO THE SWIFTEST OF COURSERS, THE GALLANT THE FINE
FOR THE SPORTSMAN LINCOLN, SHALL THE MEMORY SLEEP
OF THE HORSE OF THE HIGHWAYMAN, BONNY BLACK BESS!

IT IS EARLY MORNING AND A COACH IS SPEEDING ALONG THE HIGHWAY TOWARDS KNAVESMIRE, THE PUBLIC HANGING PLACE IN YORK. INSIDE THE COACH ARE THE CHIEF CONSTABLE OF YORK AND HIS PRISONER, TOBY RIGG, A YOUNG STABLE-BOY—

YOU'LL NEVER HELP ANOTHER HIGHWAYMAN TO ESCAPE, YOU YOUNG ROGUE!
BUT I DID NOT KNOW IT WAS DICK TURPIN, SIR!
SUDDENLY A LONELY FIGURE DETACHES ITSELF FROM THE SIDE OF THE ROAD AHEAD. IT IS DICK TURPIN WHO HAS RIDDEN 200 MILES FROM LONDON TO SAVE TOBY'S LIFE---
STAND! STAND I SAY!
BAD SHOT, SIR! YOUR MARKSMANSHIP HAS NOT YET IMPROVED, MR. CHIEF CONSTABLE!
TURPIN HIMSELF OR I'M A DUTCHMAN!

'TIS A SURPRISE INDEED TO SEE YOU-I HAD A HUNDRED PLANS TO RESCUE TOBY AND YET IT HAS TURNED OUT AS SIMPLE AS THIS--RELEASE THE BOY!
NOW, QUICK, TOBY HANDCUFF THEM TOGETHER!
PLEASANT JOURNEY! GIVE MY REGARDS TO THE HANGMAN IN YORK!
TURPIN WHIPS UP THE HORSES AND DRIVERLESS, THE COACH RACES TOWARDS YORK---
PLEASE CAPTAIN TURPIN, LET ME COME WITH YOU!
COME WITH ME? NAY, LAD! MY LIFE IS TOO PERILOUS! I'LL TAKE YOU TO SOME FRIENDS OF MINE WHO WILL LOOK AFTER YOU!
ONCE I WAS A CAREFREE LAD LIKE YOU-'TILL FATE DUBBED ME A HIGHWAYMAN AND AN OUTLAW. BUT ONE DAY I'LL PROVE MY INNOCENCE. 'TILL THEN, IT'S FAREWELL, TOBY LAD!

Dick Turpin AND THE GOLDSMITH'S DAUGHTER

WAIT HERE! I'LL BRING IT FROM THE WORKSHOP~~
IT'S A HUGE ROSEBOWL, IN SOLID GOLD, DICK! SPECIALLY ORDERED BY HIS MAJESTY, AND WORTH A KING'S RANSOM!
I'LL WARRANT THIS'LL OPEN YOUNG DICK'S EYES!
MEANWHILE IN A DARK ALLEY NEARBY, THE INFAMOUS JONATHAN WILD — "THIEF-TAKER"— GIVES ORDERS TO TWO OF HIS GANG OF PAID BULLIES.
THAT'S THE HOUSE OF THE GOLDSMITH! ACT NOW, WHILE THEY ARE MAKING MERRY IN THE FRONT! THE WORKSHOP IS IN THE REAR! DO NOT FAIL!
VERY GOOD, MASTER ~

IT'LL BE IN HIS SAFE, FOR CERTAIN, JEM!
IF WE'VE GOT TO BUST IT OPEN THAT'S GOING TO MAKE NOISE ~ ~
JEM! WE'RE IN LUCK TONIGHT! THE OLD MAN'S GETTING IT OUT FOR US!
NOW AINT THAT NICE OF HIM!
YOU'VE SAVED US A MITE OF TROUBLE, MISTER! HAND IT OVER!
WHY — WHAT THE — HELP! THIEVES!

DICK SPRINGS TO HIS FEET AS THE FAINT CRY REACHES HIS ALERT EARS!
DID YOU HEAR THAT!
DO SIT DOWN, DICK! YOU'RE AS JUMPY AS A CAT! I HEARD NOTHING - -
SOMETHING'S WRONG, I'LL SWEAR! I'VE NEVER KNOWN MY EARS TO LET ME DOWN BEFORE!
MEANWHILE, THE OLD GOLDSMITH FIGHTS DESPERATELY TO SAVE THE PRECIOUS ROSEBOWL - -
SLUG HIM, JEM! WE'VE NO TIME TO LOSE!
TAKE THAT, YOU OLD FOOL!

THEN THE DOOR CRASHES OPEN, AND DICK FLASHES INTO ACTION!
YOU COWARDLY CURS! STRIKE AN OLD MAN DOWN, WOULD YOU ~ ~ !
LOOK OUT, JEM!

SAVE THE ROSEBOWL!
THE BEATEN BULLIES SCRAMBLE MADLY THROUGH THE WINDOW - - -
HURRY, YOU FOOL! OUT OF THE WAY! IT'S TURPIN!
HI THERE! WHAT'S GOING ON!
FATHER! YOU'RE HURT!
A TRIFLE, M'DEAR! BUT FOR DICK HERE, THEY'D HAVE KILLED ME AND GOT AWAY WITH THE BOWL!
THEN A THUNDEROUS KNOCKING SHAKES THE DOOR!
IT'S THE WATCH! I'D BETTER BE GONE, MY FRIENDS! IT WOULD NOT BE GOOD FOR YOU TO BE SEEN IN THE COMPANY OF A HIGH-TOBYMAN! FAREWELL FOR THE PRESENT!
OPEN UP WITHIN!

DICK LEAPS OUT INTO SPACE!
ANOTHER OF THEM, BY JUPITER! HI! STOP THIEF!
OVER YOU GO, BESS, MY BEAUTY!
WHAT THE~~ I'LL SEE YOU ON THE GALLOWS FOR THIS, YOU ROGUE!
THE BULLIES REPORT BACK TO JONATHAN WILD'S HOUSE IN COCK ALLEY~~~
IT WAS TURPIN AND HIS GANG, MASTER! THEY WERE TOO MANY FOR US ~ ~ !
TURPIN AGAIN! I MUST FINISH HIM FOR GOOD! LISTEN WELL! TONIGHT WE WILL KIDNAP THE DAUGHTER OF THE GOLDSMITH AND LAY THE BLAME ON TURPIN~~!

THUS WE KILL TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE! WE COLLECT A FAT RANSOM FROM THE GOLDSMITH, AND TURPIN GOES TO THE GALLOWS! ~ AND THIS OLD DOCUMENT WITH TURPIN'S SIGNATURE AT THE BOTTOM SHALL BE OUR CHIEF WEAPON!
WITH A DAGGER WILD SLICES OFF THE BOTTOM OF THE PARCHMENT ~ ~ ~
Dick Turpin
THEN ABOVE DICK'S SIGNATURE HE WRITES A FEW WORDS IN THE BLANK SPACE ~ ~ ~
THAT SHOULD DO THE TRICK! —"IF YOU WISH TO SEE YOUR DAUGHTER AGAIN, HAVE TEN THOUSAND GUINEAS READY BY TOMORROW! DICK TURPIN" COME! LET US BE ON OUR WAY, MEN!

LATER, AT THE HOUSE OF THE GOLDSMITH ~ ~ ~
DICK HURT! WAIT! I MUST TELL FATHER ~ ~
MISTRESS SHAWCROSS? I HAVE A MESSAGE FOR YOU FROM DICK TURPIN! HE LIES HURT, AND BEGS YOUR HELP ~
NAY! NO NEED! SEE! HE IS NOT A STONE'S THROW FROM HERE! LOOK FOR YOURSELF!
I SEE NO-ONE! WHERE IS HE?
THEN AS JEM AND DAVE POUNCE, JONATHAN WILD GLIDES TO THE OPEN DOOR ~ ~ ~
HELP! MMMMM!
WELL DONE, MEN! INTO THE COACH WITH HER! QUICKLY!

BUT BLIND BEN, THE BEGGAR, IS LISTENING TO EVERYTHING IN THE SHADOWS ~ ~
TO BLACKSTONE HALL, WITH ALL SPEED ~ ~
BLIND
JONATHAN WILD'S VOICE, OR I'M A SEA-SERPENT!
BLI
THERE'S ROGUERY HERE, BY HEAVEN! I'D BETTER FIND DICK RIGHT AWAY~~!
MEANWHILE THE FRANTIC GOLDSMITH AND HIS WIFE FIND THE NOTE~~
SHE'S MISSING, ISN'T SHE? AND THAT'S HIS SIGNATURE! I'D SWEAR TO IT! THE UNGRATEFUL DOG ~ ~
SUSAN KIDNAPPED! ~ ~ BUT I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! DICK COULDN'T DO SUCH A THING ~ ~

I'VE GOT TO FIND DICK QUICKLY, OR SINK ME, HE'D NEVER FORGIVE ME ~ ~
ROGUES TAVERN
BLIND
WHY, IT'S BLIND BEN!
DICK! THANK GOODNESS YOU'RE HERE! THERE'S BLACK WORK AFOOT! ~ ~ LISTEN ~ ~ !
DEAF DUMB
DUMB
MISS SUSAN KIDNAPPED! AND BY JONATHAN WILD THE SCUM! I MUST TO HORSE!
MAKE HASTE, DICK! YOU MAY CATCH THEM ON THE WAY! IT'S NOT A QUARTER HOUR SINCE ~ ~ ~
BLACKSTONE HALL ON HAMPSTEAD HEATH! THAT'S THE PLACE ~ ~
A THOUSAND THANKS, BEN! I MUST AWAY!

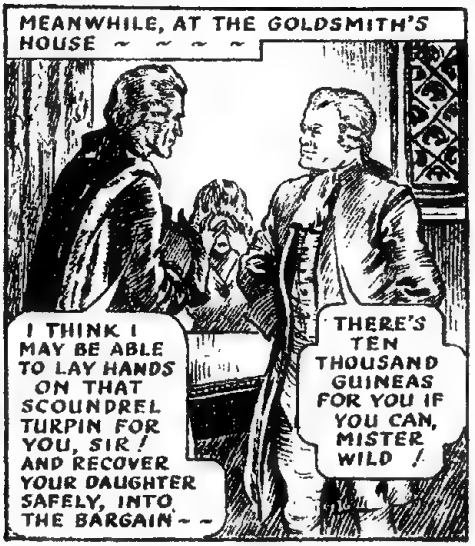
WITH ONLY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON TO GUIDE HIM, DICK HURTLES ACROSS COUNTRY IN A DARING NIGHT RIDE!
THERE THEY ARE! AND THAT MUST BE BLACKSTONE HALL!
SWINGING DOWN FROM BESS, DICK CREEPS TO THE LIGHTED WINDOW ~ ~ ~
BLIND BEN WAS RIGHT! THEY'VE GOT MISTRESS SUSAN! ~ ~ BUT NOT FOR LONG, BY HEAVEN!

BUT JONATHAN WILD IS TOO CRAFTY A BIRD TO BE CAUGHT NAPPING!
TURPIN! HE'S FALLEN RIGHT INTO OUR HANDS! SEIZE HIM, MEN!
GOT YOU, MY FINE FRIEND!
DRAG HIM AWAY TO THE CELLAR, AND ROPE HIM THERE SECURELY! I MUST TO TOWN, ON — BUSINESS!
LEAVE HIM TO US, MASTER!
THE COACH ROLLS AWAY INTO THE NIGHT, AND STRUGGLING FIERCELY, DICK IS DRAGGED INTO THE HOUSE ~ ~
COME QUIET, OR BY THUNDER I'LL BEAT YOU QUIET!
PHWEEEEE! BESS! TO ME!

LIKE A WHIRLWIND, THE HORSE TEARS IN TO HER MASTER'S AID ~ ~ ~ ~
LOOK OUT! THE BLOOMING NAG'S GONE CRAZY!
WELL DONE, BESS! COME ON!
TAKE THAT, YOU SCUM! READY, MISS SUSAN?
LOOK OUT BEHIND YOU, DICK!

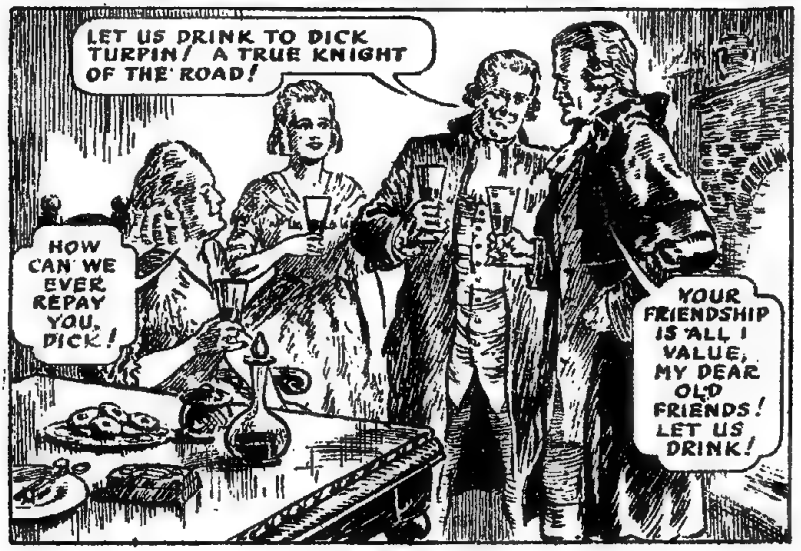
STOP!
NO TIME TO STOP AND ARGUE, MISS SUSAN! WE MUST RETURN TO LONDON WITHOUT DELAY!

YOUR PARENTS WILL BE NEARLY OUT OF THEIR MINDS WITH WORRY ~ ~
DICK, YOU WERE WONDERFUL!
THEY GALLOP OFF ACROSS THE DARK HEATH AT TOP SPEED AND THE MILES FLY BY.


MEANWHILE, AT THE GOLDSMITH'S HOUSE ~ ~ ~ ~
I THINK I MAY BE ABLE TO LAY HANDS ON THAT SCOUNDREL TURPIN FOR YOU, SIR! AND RECOVER YOUR DAUGHTER SAFELY, INTO THE BARGAIN ~ ~
THERE'S TEN THOUSAND GUINEAS FOR YOU IF YOU CAN, MISTER WILD!

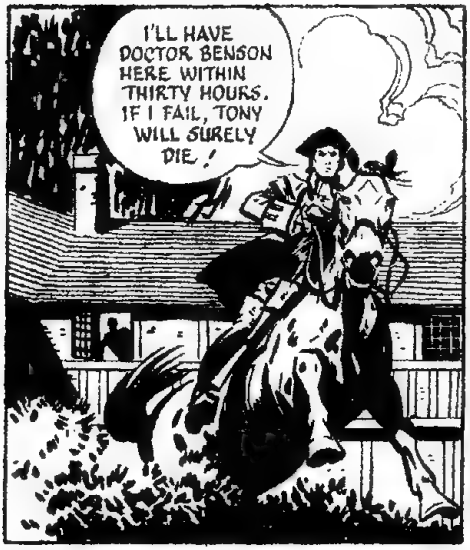
WILD SWINGS ROUND SNARLING, AS DICK BURSTS IN ~ ~ ~
SAVE YOUR GUINEAS, SIR! MISS SUSAN IS HERE! SAFE AND WELL!
FATHER! THAT'S THE HORRIBLE MAN WHO KIDNAPPED ME! DICK SAVED ME ~ ~
WILD'S SWORD-STICK BLADE FLASHES FROM IT'S SHEATH!
CURSE YOU, YOU INTERFERING HOUND! TAKE THAT!
TOO SLOW, WILD! YOU'RE OUT OF PRACTICE!
YOU MURDERING DOG!
HELP! STOP! YOU'RE MAD!
GET YOU BACK TO YOUR KENNEL!

DICK!— NO!— OH, DON'T!
LAY HANDS ON MISS SUSAN AGAIN, YOU DOG, AND I'LL BREAK YOUR NECK WITH MY TWO BARE HANDS! GET OUT!


LET US DRINK TO DICK TURPIN! A TRUE KNIGHT OF THE ROAD!
HOW CAN WE EVER REPAY YOU, DICK!
YOUR FRIENDSHIP IS ALL I VALUE, MY DEAR OLD FRIENDS! LET US DRINK!

DICK TURPIN TO THE RESCUE.

I KNOW WHO YOU ARE, MY FRIEND! YOU ARE DICK TURPIN, THE HIGHWAYMAN, AND THERE IS A PRICE OF FIVE HUNDRED GOLDEN GUINEAS UPON YOUR HEAD. THAT WILL NOT COME AMISS TO ME, EVEN THOUGH I SHALL INHERIT TONY'S MONEY WHEN HE DIES -- HA, HA, HA!
BEFORE SILAS DRAX CAN SHOOT, DICK GOES INTO ACTION.
YOU DON'T WANT TONY TO GET BETTER, DRAX. YOU'RE AFTER HIS MONEY. PERHAPS YOU'VE BEEN POISONING HIM!
DICK TURNS AND SPRINGS THROUGH THE TALL WINDOW DROPPING INTO THE SADDLE OF HIS HORSE BELOW



BUT WHILE DICK IS THUNDERING ALONG ON THE FIRST STAGE OF HIS HUNDRED MILE JOURNEY, SILAS DRAX SENDS A MESSENGER WHO WILL REACH YORK IN THREE HOURS.

JABEZ CRONER IS THE THIEF-TAKER OF YORK. THERE ARE NO POLICE, AND NO REAL LAW AND ORDER. CRONER COMMANDS A VILLAINOUS GANG OF TIPSTAFFS, AND IS A GREATER SCOUNDREL THAN ANY MAN HE EVER SENT TO THE GALLOWS. THIEVES HAVE TO PAY HIM WELL FROM THEIR BOOTY IF THEY WISH TO KEEP THEIR FREEDOM.

AFTER TEN HOURS OF HARD RIDING, DICK TURPIN SLOWS HIS HORSE TO A WALK AS THEY ENTER THE STREETS OF YORK.

SUDDENLY DICK FINDS HIMSELF SURROUNDED BY A RING OF THREATENING MUSKETS.
KINGS ARMS
YIELD, TURPIN! THERE IS NO WAY OF ESCAPE FOR YOU!

SO CRONER THE THIEF-TAKER IS ON MY TRAIL!

RIDING THE BARREL, DICK CAREERS WILDLY DOWN THE CHUTE LEADING TO THE CELLARS OF THE INN.
GOOD DAY TO YOU, LANDLORD!

BEFORE THE STARTLED LANDLORD CAN MOVE, DICK IS AWAY--
A BAG OF GUINEAS FOR YOUR ALE, LANDLORD. 'TWAS THE BEST I NEVER TASTED!
MEANWHILE JABEZ CRONER IS BUSY OUTSIDE--
SURROUND THE INN! GUARD EVERY DOOR AND WINDOW! HE CANNOT ESCAPE!
WITH EVERY EXIT GUARDED, CRONER AND HIS MEN ENTER THE INN TO FIND THAT DICK HAS LOCKED HIMSELF IN ONE OF THE ROOMS.
HARDER, MEN! THE DOOR IS GIVING!
'TIS MY BEST ROOM, MY VERY FINEST ROOM, USED ONLY BY THE GENTRY. ALACK AND WOE!

FORSOOTH! I HOPE THE LANDLORD KEEPS HIS CHIMNEYS WELL SWEPT!

AS HIS PURSUERS BREAK IN BELOW, DICK IS REACHING THE TOP OF THE GREAT WIDE CHIMNEY --
I WONDER HOW LONG IT WILL TAKE THAT SCOUNDREL CRONER TO THINK OF THE CHIMNEY ONCE HE FINDS THE BIRD HAS FLOWN!

I'VE NO TIME TO WASTE PLAYING GAMES WITH CRONER. I'VE GOT TO GET TO DOCTOR BENSON QUICKLY!

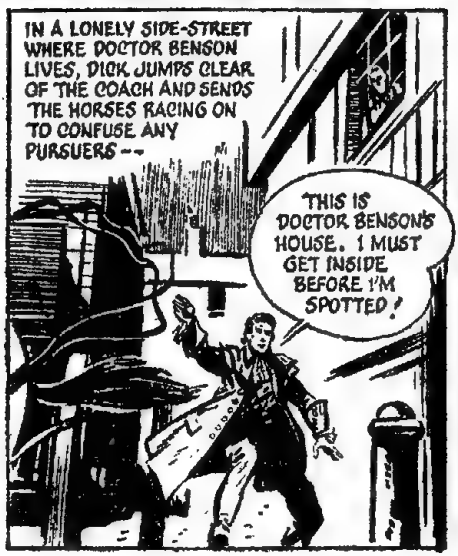
DICK SLIDES DOWN TO FIND A FIRM FOOTING AT THE BASE OF THE GABLES, THEN CREEPS TO THE EDGE OF THE ROOF.

AS HE PEERS OVER INTO THE STREET-
THERE HE IS -- ON THE ROOF!
GET A LADDER-- QUICKLY-- FOOLS!
BY THE TIME A LADDER HAS BEEN RUN UP TO THE ROOF, DICK TURPIN IS OUT OF SIGHT ONCE MORE. BUT---
BY HEAVEN! TURPIN SHALL PAY FOR THIS WITH EVERY GUINEA AND GROAT HE POSSESSES --OR WITH HIS LIFE!
AS TWO OF CRONER'S MEN CLIMB THE LADDER, DICK SUDDENLY SPRINGS INTO VIEW AND STEPS ON TO THE TOPMOST RUNGS.

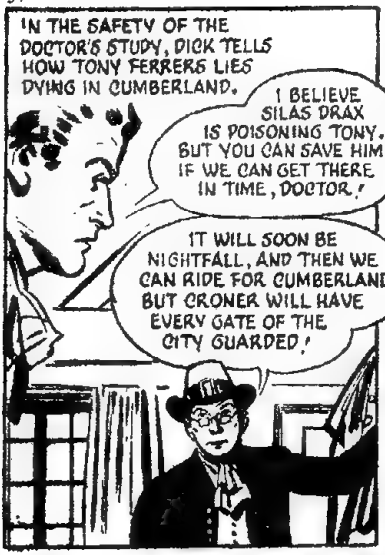
THANK'EE KINDLY FOR THE USE OF THE LADDER, MASTER CRONER.!

SWINGING HIGH OVER THE HEADS OF CRONER AND HIS MEN, DICK SWOOPS DOWN AND SPRINGS LIKE A CAT ON TO THE DRIVING SEAT OF THE COACH ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE ROAD.

IN A FLASH DICK HAS WHIPPED UP THE HORSES AND THE COACH GOES CLATTERING MADLY OVER THE COBBLES, LEAVING JABEZ CRONER CHEATED AND BAFFLED.


IN A LONELY SIDE-STREET WHERE DOCTOR BENSON LIVES, DICK JUMPS CLEAR OF THE COACH AND SENDS THE HORSES RACING ON TO CONFUSE ANY PURSUERS --
THIS IS DOCTOR BENSON'S HOUSE. I MUST GET INSIDE BEFORE I'M SPOTTED!

DICK, LAD! I SAW YOU FROM THE WINDOW. YOU ARE IN DEADLY DANGER FROM JABEZ CRONER, HERE IN YORK.-- INSIDE WITH YOU, QUICKLY!
I HAVE ALREADY HAD A TUSSLE WITH CRONER--BUT I HAD TO COME TO YORK. I NEED YOUR HELP, OLD FRIEND!


IN THE SAFETY OF THE DOCTOR'S STUDY, DICK TELLS HOW TONY FERRERS LIES DYING IN CUMBERLAND.
I BELIEVE SILAS DRAX IS POISONING TONY. BUT YOU CAN SAVE HIM IF WE CAN GET THERE IN TIME, DOCTOR!
IT WILL SOON BE NIGHTFALL, AND THEN WE CAN RIDE FOR CUMBERLAND. BUT CRONER WILL HAVE EVERY GATE OF THE CITY GUARDED!

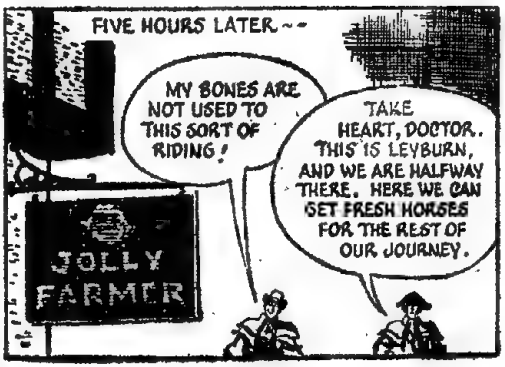
WHEN DARKNESS COMES, DICK AND HIS FRIEND RIDE OUT THROUGH THE DESERTED STREETS. THEY INTEND TO AVOID CRONER'S MEN BY SWIMMING THEIR HORSES ACROSS THE RIVER.
CRONER IS CUNNING, DICK. PERCHANCE HE HAS THOUGHT OF THE RIVER, AND HAS POSTED MEN ON THE FAR BANK!
WE MUST RISK IT WE COULD NEVER BREAK OUT THROUGH ONE OF THE GATES!

HERE COMES TURPIN! HAVE YOUR MUSKET READY COMRADE!

AS DICK AND DOCTOR BENSON URGE THEIR HORSES FROM THE RIVER AND INTO THE SHELTERING TREES.
HANDS UP, TURPIN!
JABEZ CRONER WILL REWARD US WELL FOR THIS CAPTURE!

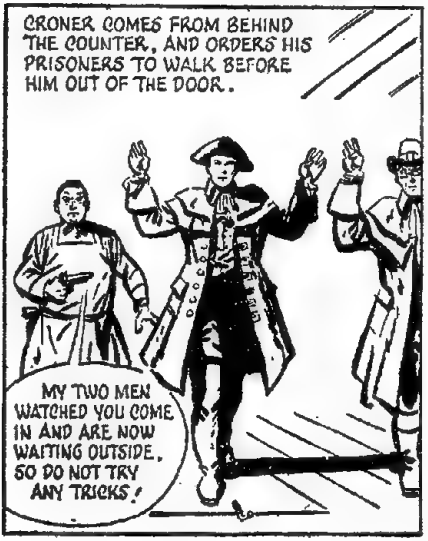
DICK RAISES HIS HANDS OBEDIENTLY, SEIZES THE BRANCH RUNNING ABOVE HIS HEAD, AND--

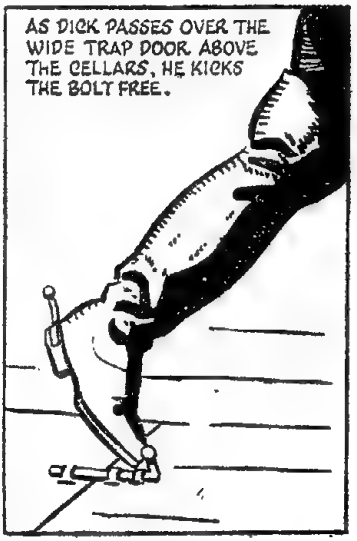
FEARING THAT DICK TURPIN MIGHT BREAK OUT OF THE CITY DESPITE ALL PRECAUTIONS -- JABEZ CRONER HAS RIDDEN OUT WITH TWO MEN AN HOUR BEFORE, TO AWAIT DICK AT THE INN AT LEYBURN WHERE THEY WILL HAVE TO HALT FOR FRESH HORSES.



HO THERE, LANDLORD! A STOUP OF YOUR HOT PUNCH WHILE YOU SADDLE FRESH HORSES FOR US!

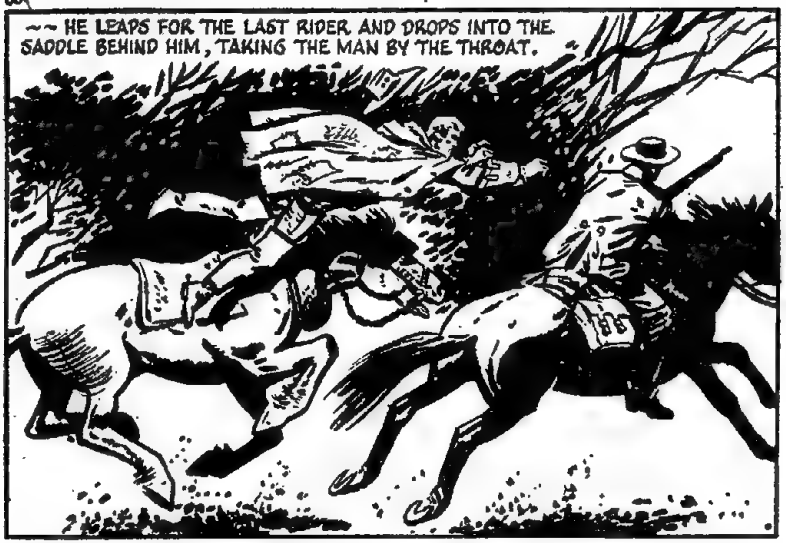
THE LANDLORD TURNS ROUND~
YOU ARE A MOST WELCOME GUEST, TURPIN. IT SEEMS THAT MY JOURNEY HERE WAS NOT WASTED. BUT THIS IS THE END OF YOUR JOURNEY!


CRONER COMES FROM BEHIND THE COUNTER, AND ORDERS HIS PRISONERS TO WALK BEFORE HIM OUT OF THE DOOR.
MY TWO MEN WATCHED YOU COME IN AND ARE NOW WAITING OUTSIDE. SO DO NOT TRY ANY TRICKS!


AS DICK PASSES OVER THE WIDE TRAP DOOR ABOVE THE CELLARS, HE KICKS THE BOLT FREE.

CRONER, WALKING CLOSE BEHIND DICK, FEELS THE FLOOR GIVE WAY BENEATH HIS FEET.
AAAH!
IF ONLY THERE WERE A ROPE ABOUT THY NECK, CRONER!
HEARING CRONER'S WILD SCREAM, HIS MEN COME RUSHING IN. DICK AND DOCTOR BENSON STAND IN WAIT ON EITHER SIDE OF THE DOOR.
LEAVE THEM TO ME, DOCTOR!
AS THE MEN RUSH IN, DICK STEPS OUT BEHIND THEM.
SO! AND NOW WE'LL FLING THEM DOWN ON TOP OF CRONER!

THE TWO FRIENDS ARE SOON THUNDERING ALONG ON THE SECOND PART OF THEIR JOURNEY. BUT THEY HAVE THE SAME WEARY HORSES --AND JABEZ CRONER IS NOT BEATEN YET.
WE HAVE COVERED BUT FIVE MILES SINCE LEAVING THE INN, AND ALREADY OUR HORSES ARE SPENT. CRONER AND HIS MEN WILL HAVE SET OUT ON FRESH HORSES BY NOW -- AND THEY CANNOT BE FAR BEHIND!
RIDE ON, DOCTOR. I AM GOING TO SPEAK WITH THIS BUMPKIN WHO APPROACHES.
FIVE GOLDEN GUINEAS FOR THE LOAN OF THY HAT, THY CLOAK AND THY HORSE, BUMPKIN!
'TIS A GOOD BARGAIN FOR ME, MAISTER!
THE EXCHANGE IS MADE, AND THE YOKEL TAKES DICK'S EXHAUSTED HORSE OUT OF SIGHT IN THE WOODS. SOME MINUTES LATER, CRONER AND HIS MEN COME CLATTERING ALONG AT GREAT SPEED.
WE SHALL HAVE THEM SOON, MASTER CRONER. THEIR HORSES ARE SPENT, AND OURS ARE FRESH!
OUT OF THE WAY, BUMPKIN!


~~ HE LEAPS FOR THE LAST RIDER AND DROPS INTO THE SADDLE BEHIND HIM, TAKING THE MAN BY THE THROAT.

ALMOST IN THE SAME MOMENT, DICK PLUCKS THE STRUGGLING MAN FROM THE HORSE AND FLINGS HIM AT HIS COMRADE.
AND THAT LEAVES ONLY ONE --

UNAWARE OF THE FATE OF HIS MEN, CRONER LASHES HIS HORSE TO FURTHER EFFORTS. BUT DICK IS QUICKLY CATCHING UP.
SPUR, MEN! SPUR! I CAN SEE ONE OF THEM ON THE ROAD AHEAD!

HERE'S SOMETHING TO REMEMBER DICK TURPIN BY, CRONER!

LEAVING CRONER SPRAWLED SENSELESS IN THE ROAD, DICK TAKES HIS HORSE AND GALLOPS AFTER THE DOCTOR.
FRESH HORSES FOR BOTH OF US, DOCTOR! THERE'S NOTHING BUT HARD RIDING AHEAD OF US NOW!

IN THE HOUSE OF TONY FERRERS, SILAS DRAX CHUCKLES AS HE SEES THAT THE YOUNGSTER IS WITHIN AN ACE OF DEATH.
HEH-HEH-HEH! 'TIS NIGH ON THIRTY HOURS SINCE TURPIN RODE AWAY. HE WILL BE ROTTING IN SOME NOISOME GAOL BY NOW!

TURPIN — YOU! I SENT CRONER A MESSAGE — HOW DID YOU —?
SO IT WAS YOU WHO SET CRONER'S TIPSTAFFS ON MY HEELS. WELL, YOU'VE FAILED. I'VE BROUGHT DOCTOR BENSON WITH ME!

AFTER A SWIFT EXAMINATION DOCTOR BENSON GIVES YOUNG FERRERS A POWERFUL DRAUGHT OF MEDICINE. SILAS DRAX IS A BAFFLED, BROKEN MAN.
YOUNG FERRERS HAS BEEN SLOWLY POISONED, DICK. BUT WE ARRIVED IN TIME. HE WILL BE CONSCIOUS IN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS AND COMPLETELY BETTER IN TEN DAYS. I SHALL STAY HERE TILL THEN!
AND SO SHALL I. MEANTIME, I'LL HAND DRAX OVER TO THE VILLAGERS. THEY'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH THE MAN WHO'S BEEN POISONING THEIR YOUNG SQUIRE. THEY WORSHIP TONY FERRERS!

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